

ACROSS THE ATLANTIC

A. H. LICHTY

Our ship, after sailing down and out of Chesapeake Bay, was steered towards the "Banks" of Newfoundland. We found the waters of the Atlantic very rough and for two days the disturbance increased very much and the third day out, you may imagine our feelings when we were told that we were in a West Indian hurricane. In passing I will simply say, I hope my friends may all be spared from a like experience. Any one anxious for an excellent description of a voyage will do well to read Irving's "Voyage." We experienced most of the things he speaks of.

After at least the usual amount of sea-sickness we had a very delightful time tho we had rain nearly every day and the sea quite rough. The captain said it was the worst voyage he has had for over twelve months and many of the crew and some of the passengers who are very superstitious thought it was all due to the "Jonah" in the person of the young minister they had on board. The storm put us back so much that we were fifteen and one-half days on our way to Glasgow. We first sighted land on Saturday eve, Ayre's Moore Island and at 10 P. M. we sighted Torrey Island. Sunday morning Ireland was on our right and Scotland on our left. From 3 o'clock Sunday morning, July 1, to 5 P. M. we were viewing some of the most delightful scenery that mother nature affords. The beautiful landscape, valleys, rugged mountains, islands, waterfalls, ruins of old historic castles, etc., must be seen to be appreciated. Great poets have written poem after poem, beautiful as they could write, and songsters and musicians of various kinds have rendered the sweetest of music in honor of Bonnie Scotland and yet all have come far short of doing her justice.

Our short stay at Glasgow was made exceedingly pleasant by the warm hearted courtesies extended to us by the Y. M. C. A.

From Glasgow we went to Cardross, twenty miles distant to see our old friend and brother in the Brethren church, William Patterson, who, not long since, has wedded a devoted companion. The EVANGELIST has come here irregularly for some time past, but will come regularly hereafter. Brother Patterson loves his native country but his heart longs for America and a home where he can attend Brethren services. They attend the only church of Scotland—Scotch Presbyterian—and he says he could go there a hundred years and never get a hand shake or word from a warm heart.

Our stay was necessarily short but we expect to call on Brother Patterson a couple days before sailing for America. Near here, at Dumbarton is a picturesque ruins—that of Dumbarton castle. We walked over to beautiful Loch Lommond only a couple miles from Brother Pattersons. This is the most beautiful of all of Scotland's beautiful lakes. Just aside of it stands majestic old Ben Lommond.

The farmers were busy digging new potatoes and making hay. It rained every day but they were mowing and raking and scattering between showers. Wheat and oats will be an enormous crop this year but will not be ready to harvest before the middle of August. Strawberry season is just on. The fruit excels anything I have ever seen in the berry line. No apples or peaches are raised, at least very few.

The weather is quite cool. It is necessary to wear light woolen all the time, to be comfortable.

From Glasgow we went to Liverpool to see the foreman of the man we are to work for during the summer. Here we received mail from loved ones at home, also our good church paper, the EVANGELIST of June 21, which Brother Dyoll Belote's kind and thoughtful hands had sent me. I enjoyed reading it better than any I have ever read. It was full of so many good things. Then, too, I find when one is four or five thousand miles away from home, things are different.

Home Circle

The Lord's Appointment

I say it over and over, and yet again to-day,
It rests my heart as surely as it did yesterday:
It is the Lord's appointment;
Whatever my work may be,
I am sure in my heart of hearts
He has offered it to me.

I must say it over and over, and again to day,
For my work is different from that of yesterday:
It is the Lord's appointment;
It quiets my restless will
Like the voice of a tender mother,
And my heart and will are still.

I will say it over and over, this and every day,
Whatsoever the Master orders, come what may,
It is the Lord's appointment,
If only his love to see
What is wisest, best and right,
What is truly good for me.

—Selected.

"Ashamed to Tell Mother"

Selected.

Such was a boy's reply to his playmates who were trying to tempt him to do something wrong.

"But you needn't tell her; no one will know anything about it."

"I would know all about it myself, and I'd feel very mean if I couldn't tell my mother."

"It's a pity you wasn't a girl. The idea of a boy running and telling his mother every little thing!"

"You may laugh if you want to," said the noble boy, "but I've made up my mind never, so long as I live, to do anything I would be ashamed to tell my mother."

Better Whistle than Whine

Junior Christian Endeavor World.

Two little boys were on their way to school. The smaller one tumbled, and though not hurt he began to whine in a babyish way—a little cross whine.

The older boy took his hand in a fatherly way and said:

"Oh, never mind, Jimmy, don't whine; it is a great deal better to whistle." And he

began in the merriest way a cheerful boy-whistle. Jimmy tried to join in the whistle.

"I can't whistle as nice as you, Charlie," said he; "my lip won't pucker up good."

"Oh, that's because you haven't got all the whine out yet," said Charlie; "but you try a minute and the whistle will drive the whine away."

So he did; and the last I saw or heard of the little fellows they were whistling away earnestly as though that was the chief end of life.

Loyal to the Lord's Day

Youth's Companion.

Recently a large party of railroad conductors made a trip to a southern city. They arrived on Saturday evening. In the morning one of the conductors, noticing that a member of the party, a friend of his, was dressing with more than usual care, asked him:

"Are you going with us on the excursion?"

"No," was the reply. "It is Sunday, and I happen to like to go to church on Sundays." To another questioner he made practically the same reply.

This brought on a discussion in which, eventually, a majority of the members of the party engaged; and finally, when the conductor who preferred to go to church started on his way, he found himself one of a company of some two hundred men, who had all been influenced by his quiet example.

We lately read of a young lady who quite as nobly "stood by her colors" at a summer resort. A college graduate, she possessed not only fine musical and scholarly accomplishments, but bright talents, wealth and personal beauty. Naturally her social influence was unquestioned. When Sunday came, a large party of boarders planned a horseback excursion, not doubting that she would join them.

"Why, no," she replied, when appealed to, "I am going to church."

In vain the thoughtless company pleaded vacation liberty, disparaged the "stuffy little country church," and protested that the "sleepy old minister" was "no preacher." She reproved them in her sweet way, suggested that the "city boarders" might help to wake up the poor old minister and his people, and then went to church as she had intended.

The horseback party departed with only a fraction of its expected number.

Before the season closed, the little church had a Sunday crowd of strangers, and not only the Christian young lady but several of her friends sang in the choir and had classes in the Sunday school. These incidents invite two reflections. There is no better mark of sterling character than the moral independence that foregoes a popular pleasure for duty's sake—the conscientious frankness that fearlessly refuses to "go with the crowd." Stand alone on a high principle, and the crowd will be more likely to come your way.

The obvious penalties of disregarding the Lord's day as a day of rest ought to lessen the tendency to sneer against the "Puritan Sabbath." Human rights, as well as divine